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Poetry.

The Sabbath Bell.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Peal on, peal on--I love to hear
The old church bell ring clear
The welcome sound that calls us home
To our dear Father's house of prayer
To spread their shining robes around
To all who seek the Father's throne
For all Creation's voices tell
The tidings of the Sabbath bell.

Go to the woods, when winter's song
Has like a faded flower
The cold winds whistle round
The light leaves of the trembling fern
The owl's cry is heard in the night
The raven's cry is heard in the night
The raven's cry is heard in the night
The raven's cry is heard in the night

Go to the willows, let them pour
Their gentle and soothing song
Let the soft breeze rustle round
The light leaves of the trembling fern
The owl's cry is heard in the night
The raven's cry is heard in the night
The raven's cry is heard in the night
The raven's cry is heard in the night

The lark upon his skyward way
The robin on his bushy nest
The dove within the wild thyme's bloom
The owl's cry is heard in the night
The raven's cry is heard in the night
The raven's cry is heard in the night
The raven's cry is heard in the night
The raven's cry is heard in the night

Original Miscellany.

Written expressly for the Herald of Freedom.

(THE JAY-HAWKER.)

A TALE OF

SOUTHERN KANSAS.

BY F. P. FOWLER.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER X.

Here are two men engaged in conversation.

"I have taken my position here not only to

repel invasion but to provoke it. It

seems probable, after the affair further

south, at the hamlet of La Rue, and the

residence of Orice, that they will come

with a strong force and attempt ret-

aliation.

"Nothing is more probable, but if they

do not, certainly the attack on old J.

which will speedily take place, will stir

them up and induce them to come over

with a strong force."

"I think it will have that effect. For

that reason, I have concluded it is best

to remain here until that matter is decided.

When do you propose to strike the

blow?"

"Immediately. I expect the scouts to

return to-morrow, and if they bring favor-

able news we shall move without delay."

"Act decisively if you act at all; there

is nothing gained by half-way measures."

"I shall make a clean sweep if I go.

The old man is uneasy; he has had a

score of men there guarding him. He

shakes in his shoes since your affair with

La Rue."

"I have understood that his guard has

left him. The scouts have gone to ascer-

tain the truth in the case."

"He will soon tire of supporting a guard.

All you have to do is to watch, and when

a favorable moment comes, strike. Leave

no work for a second blow."

"That's me, exactly; but now I must be

off and join my men."

And thus separated Captains Rook and

Black. Let us follow the latter gentle-

man to his rendezvous, and look at the

men under his command. Here we are

in the midst of a squad of Jay-Hawkers.

They are assembled to the number of

thirty--strong, stern, hard looking men.

They are in consultation. Two mounted

men approach the party. They give the

preconcerted signal and are permitted to

come among them. These new arrivals

have been out on a voyage of discovery.

The leader of the party speaks:

"Well boys, what news?"

On friend Sammy, the son of Rev. Mr.

Prey, replies:

"It is all right. The coast is clear; the

guard left there yesterday."

"Has he sent away his niggers?"

"I can't say; he was alarmed and got a

guard from West Point to stay with him.

He has sent them away, and there is nothing

now to molest us."

"Well, I calculate if he has sent away

his men, he has got over being afraid, and

now is our time."

"Yes, yes, now is the time," exclaim

the squad, "let us pitch in; we'll take

what he's got, at any rate. The old cock

disturb her slumbers. Let the pained

heart sleep, and in the fairy land of dreams

clasp lovingly the forms of vanished joys

once more. Let them gather to their

yearning bosoms again the hope treasures

which have been borne away from them

and buried like diamonds beneath the

dark waters of life, and which can only be

regained upon the gold-tinted, unreal

shore of dream-land. She sleeps. Beau-

tiful and varied are the visions which

throng around her like groups of pure,

gleeful, sportive children. Now she is a

child once more, and enjoying unclouded

life with that peculiar eagerness and in-

tensity of feeling known only to our earlier

years. She passes with rapidity from one

condition to another, still more mature, un-

til the whole domain of her youthful ex-

istence, with all its clustering charms, have

been re-enjoyed, and feels that at this

time she is encircled in the arms of par-

ental care and affection. She passes lightly

through the dark shadow of her orphan-

age, and now she is with her lover, the

future is unfolded to her view, and she

dreams fondly, perhaps wildly of a home,

once more, radiant, rich, gorgeous in the

glowing, magnificent light of love, forever

glowing with undiminished, with ever

expanding and increasing brightness upon

its altar.

Let us for a few moments look upon

"Old man Jackson." He sits in conver-

sation with his wife. The old lady re-

marks:

"I am afraid that you will be pestered.

The Jay-Hawkers will find out some way

that you are alone, and will pitch in. You

know that you have been threatened."

"Had you not better move your goods out

of the store for awhile?"

"I think not, wife. They cannot wish

to harm an old man who has never

harmed them."

"But you know that they have been

over the line already, and it 'pears like

they may come again."

"Well, let 'em come. I'll pepper some

of their hides if they do."

"But there will be a heap of them, and

you are alone. I am sorry you sent off

our sons-in-law, they could have helped

you and perhaps saved your life."

"I wanted them and the gals to clear

out. They are young and can live a long

time. I am old, and if they kill me, I

won't be long of many days, no how. I

am bound to stay and fight 'em."

"Wall, God help us; we've worked

hard for what we have, and I hate to see

it destroyed, or be robbed of it."

"All so, wife; but we can't help it, and

if they come, I'll be dog-dog if I don't

pepper some of their skins."

The conversation ceases; the old man

examines his double barrel shot gun and

Mississippi rifle; sees they are in readiness;

lays his ammunition where he can get hold

of it instantly, and he, with his wife, retire

to try to compose their minds to sleep.

Hark! a volley of fire-arms breaks abrupt-

ly upon the stillness of the night, and many

shot enter through the window of the

sleeping apartment occupied by the in-

mates. The volley is repeated again and

again, and for a few moments all is still.

"I allow we have finished the old cuss,"

remarks one of the assailants.

"He's got notice to quit," says another.

"He is either dead or has crawled off,"

says another.

"May be he wasn't here," says another.

"Let us look in at the window, there is

a few bright little coals, perhaps we can

sets it down; takes his rifle and ascends

the stairway to the chamber.

Volley after volley is now poured into

the house, passing through it in various

directions, but still the old man is silent.

Can it be that he is dead, or disabled?

"We have finished the old chap at

last," remark several voices.

"Let's fire the house."

"Yes, fire the house."

Still the old man remains quiescent.

"I allow we've laid out the old sinner.

He wouldn't keep still all this time if he

was alive."

"Yes, and now we'll cook him, the old

vagrant."

Now a light gleams suddenly upward

from the ignited building, and casts a lu-

cid glare upon the surrounding objects.

It is dark in the chamber; the old

man hears steps as if some one was com-

ing up stairs. He turns suddenly--sees a

shadow moving in the gloom; thinks it

is one of the assailants; levels his rifle,

fires. The cap explodes without discharg-

ing the rifle.

Heaven, it was pointed at Ella, who

had come up the stairs bringing the

double-barreled shot gun. He re-caps his

rifle, and as the first fire-gleam reveals

the forms of several of the assailants, the

quick, sharp report of the old Mississippi

rifle, is heard from the second story of the

building. A Jay-Hawker puts his hand

to his head, reels, staggers, falls heavily

upon the ground.

Something like panic begins to take

possession of the minds of the assailants.

After all, the old man invisible, must

be alive. That old rifle is fatal in its aim.

The building burns rapidly. The

forked flames leap and crackle, and

his, and are rapidly enveloping the whole

building, while it lights up the locality

for a considerable distance.

It will not do to remain within the

circle of light. That old rifle has spoken

emphatically, fatally, and may do so

again.

Where is the old man? All conclude

that if he is still alive, he must leave the

burning building. They have all watched

and are looking to see him go, but in

vain. They think, perhaps he is dead;

they fear he is alive; but dead or alive,

they have not seen him, and the fear that

he may be out side the circle of light

pointing the unerring rifle at them, seizes

their minds with still greater force.

Nor are their fears groundless. Beyond

the illumination of the fire, far out in the

darkness, the shot gun and the old rifle

ring out upon the night air, sharp and

startling to the nerves, for they do not

ring in vain.

It requires a rare taste with a consider-

able amount of cultivation, to enjoy

standing out in full view as a mark for

an invisible and unerring foe.

"It is certainly not a time with the

Jay-Hawkers for congratulation, or enjoy-

ment, and they simultaneously, without

stopping to be ceremonious, seek the more

safe position in darkness, as a covert

against the unpleasant messages from

that old rifle.

Pending this engagement, a part of

the robbers have broken open the store,

taken out everything of value, and loaded

it upon wagons. They now, after con-

siderable hesitation, gather their dead

and wounded comrades, and very willingly

leave the scene of action.

Mothers watch anxiously for the return

of absent sons. They fear, tremble, and

No matter, that wood don't go into

that d--d Pro-slavery hole. We will cut

off all supplies from the town that we can."

The poor man very reluctantly turns

about and goes home to his needy wife

and children.

See the Marshal, yonder, with a posse

of sixty men. They go to meet the

troops which are advancing to aid in the

restitution and establishment of order in

this distracted country. They fail to

meet the troops and are on their return.

"Look, there are a company of forty

men; they are Jay-Hawkers. Charge

upon them, run them, ride them down."

Away over ravine and bluff, dart the

posse. Away, away fly the Jay-Hawkers

in the direction of their rendezvous. It

is a lively and exciting race. Away,

away goes the chase; onward dash their

pumpers; but the Jay-Hawkers gain a

covert, scatter, hide, and a lively ride of

three miles; it is vain to pursue them

farther now. We will return this prisoner,

who was one of their leaders.

"The next time I Jay-hawk a horse,

gentlemen, you may hang me if I don't

get one that can keep out of your way."

The people gain strength and courage.

There is another organization. It is di-

vided into two companies of forty men

each. Prey is in a hysterical ecstasy--

Sammy is sympathetically afflicted, and

has left the country.

Liberal rewards have been offered,

long ago, for the arrest of Corvus and

Old Rook